

Thamasis's Advice  
TO THE  
PAINTER,  
FROM HER  
FRIGID ZONE:

OR  
WONDERS upon the WATER.

**F**Am'd *Thamasis*, with shiv'ring *Winter Dresses*,  
With *Icicles*, and other borrow'd *Tresses*,  
And on her Head a *Periwig of Snow*,  
And *frozen Mantle* fring'd with *Ice* below,

Out of her watry *Bed*, amaz'd appears,  
And thus the *Current* of her *Language* steers.

Spread a large *Canvas*, *Painter*, to contain  
The strange surprising *Sights*, the numerous *Train*,  
That all about my *Back* do walk or sit,  
Of all *Degrees*, some *sage*, some wanting *Wit*,

For *Crowds* of *People* hither do retire,  
As to *Moor-fields*, after the dreadful *Fire*,  
Threatning the *City* to depopulate  
As once before it was unfortunate.

Then draw the *King*, who on his *Leads* doth stay,  
To see the *Throng*, as on a *Lord Mayor's day*,  
And thus unto his *Nobles* pleas'd to say;

With these *Men* on this *Ice*, I'd undertake,  
To cause the *Turk* all *Europe* to forsake:  
An *Army* of these *Men*, arm'd and complear,  
Would soon the *Turk* in *Christendom* defeat.

Then draw me *Temple-Blanket-street*, where all  
The *Water-men* do loudly cry and bawl,  
Louder than *Lawyers* in *Western-hall*.

Instead of standing at the *stairs* to ply,  
They say, *What is 't you lack, what is 't you buy?*

And whilst the *Rooks* do tell an heavy *Tale*,  
And curse the *Frost*, they cry, *Good Beer and Ale*,  
*Coffee or Mum or Wine*, the heart to cheer,  
*Roast Beef*, or *Mutton* boil'd, or *Brandy* clear.

There

There mighty Ice Cakes, and Plumb-Cakes are found :  
There all variety of things abound,  
Only green Pease and Cherries, they are rare,  
As Guineys in a Poets Pocket are.

Here you may buy a Diamond Ring for nought,  
Such as from India ne'er was brought ;  
(The Cuts were Diamond, the Substance, Ice,  
Which in Mens Pockets vanish'd in a trice :  
But for his Cheat, the Man will pay full dear,  
Condemned by my Lord to Whipping Chear.)

Then, Painter, let us to the Print-house go,  
Where Men the Art of Trinting soon do know ;  
Where, for a Teaster, you may have your Name  
Printed, hereafter for to show the same ;  
And sure in former Ages ne'er was found,  
A Press to print, where Men so oft were dround.

Next, notice of the various motions take,  
Some bold as Hector, some for fear do quake,  
One slides, one slips, and one downright doth fall  
Into an Hole, the Skulker then doth baul,  
What will you rob my Cellar of its drink ?

When he, alas, poor man, no harm doth think.  
There Chariots fly, there Coaches run on wheels,  
And men (out-tipping of the Fishes) eels,  
And often up doth go the Woman's heels,  
And something, to remember what he saw, the eels.

The Water-men as busie are as Bees,  
Or as some Welch men cramming toasted Cheese,  
Instead of Waves that us'd to beat the shore,  
There Hears and Bull, loudly now do roar ;  
There Boats do slide, where Boats were wont to row ;  
Where Ships did sail, the Water-men them tow ;  
All things do move upon this Element,  
As if on Terra firma their feet went.

Hard times the good and righteous God hath sent,  
For our more hardned hearts, as punishment ;  
From Heav'n this scourge is sent us for our pride ;  
We're plagu'd with Ice, because we do backslide.  
The only way these things for to redress,  
Is that each one his Sins to God confess ;  
Let every one twice peen and reach his door,  
And let our hearts be softned to the Poor.  
Honour the King, and all your Neighbours love,  
And then the Heav'ns these Judgments will remove.

London: Printed by G. Croom, on the River of Thames.



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